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At the present day the name of the fountain of Egeria is given to a nymphæa, situated three miles farther on in the valley of Caffarella. The nymphæae were little edifices, sacred to springs and streams. That of the valley of Caffarella appears to have been built about the time of Vespasian. It has nine niches, which were formerly in white marble, with cornices of red marble. The floor was serpentine, and the walls, at least in the lower part, verd antique. The statue, lying at the bottom, is headless, but it is easy to perceive that it personified a river or streamlet.

He who wanders amidst ruins that he may give way to reverie, sees little in them but a melancholy contrast. Most people have read Volney's reflections amidst the ruins of Palmyra. "The solitude of death has succeeded to the surging crowds that once thronged these porticoes. The silence of the tomb now prevails where the hum of busy commerce once was heard. The gorgeous opulence of a city of trade is changed to hideous poverty. The palaces of kings are now the lairs of wild beasts. Flocks graze upon the threshold of temples, and filthy reptiles dwell in the holy places of the gods."



THE FOUNTAIN OF EGERIA.

THE BROTHERS.—AN ENGLISH TALE.

IN the outskirts of a small town in Devonshire there stands to this day a small farm-house, of picturesque though ruined aspect. It had once been far more extensive, but its owner, a careless and unenergetic man, had gradually parted with acres, and allowed the principal portion of his dwelling to go in the course of twenty years to ruin, until there remained habitable but a kitchen and two bedrooms. More addicted to sporting and betting on horse-races, than to assiduous attention to his interests, Edward Sargent had become a distressed farmer, not from bad harvests or misfortune, but from thoughtlessness or love of pleasure. It was in vain that

his wife strove to supply his presence. She had a young family to attend to; and besides, good, true, prudent Esther was a townsman's child, whom he had married for her beauty and personal good qualities, but who though an excellent wife and better mother, was not the woman to replace the absent agriculturist. She had, as I have said, a family, two boys and a girl, whom she brought up as well as she could. They had not much out-door education, because, at the very time when they should have gone to school, the income of the farmer decreased in consequence of heavy losses, and then came death and took away the head of the house.

Mrs. Sargent found herself, at thirty-seven, with a house, a few acres, and thirty pounds a year, derived from money in the funds of her own, and with these limited resources she determined to do battle for her little ones, and to raise them to as high a moral elevation as possible. The clergyman of the parish, fortunately, was a simple, good man, who willingly aided her, and when Edward was twenty-one, Alfred nineteen, and Sophia seventeen, they had made much progress. Edward was learning the business of an architect, Alfred attended to the farm, and Sophia to the details of the household. Their characters were very different. Edward was very thoughtful, looked before him always, and scarcely ever acted from sudden impulse. Alfred, on the other hand, was more lively, very thoughtless, and possessed by an ardent desire to rise from his obscure and humble position, but without ever beginning anything which might lead to his success. Sophia was a good little housekeeper, aided her mother in-doors, worked at her needle, and made the house light and merry with her sweet voice and gentle smile.

At this epoch in their life their mother died, and Edward found himself at twenty-one at the head of the household. The young people deeply grieved for the loss of their parent, and for more than six months no other topic of conversation was heard in the house—all, however, otherwise continuing as usual, Edward going regularly to his office, Alfred attending to the farm, and Sophia silently and sadly performing the domestic duties of the interior. Generally of an evening they assembled together, and spent the hours in reading, talking, and sewing, according to their several tastes; but towards the end of that time Edward would often go out of an evening, and so soon would Alfred. The former always returned about half-past nine, to sup with his sister, but Alfred would often stay until nearly midnight. For some time this change in their mode of life excited no remark, but one morning, at breakfast, Edward addressed his brother:—

"My dear Al," said he gently, "how comes it we never see you of an evening now? You never come home until we are fast asleep."

Alfred blushed to the eyes, and tried to answer carelessly.

"Why the fact is," he replied, really glad to bring about an explanation, "I am thinking of getting married."

"Married!" cried Edward, himself colouring violently.

"Married!" repeated Sophia, in unfeigned astonishment.

"Not to-morrow, nor next day, but soon, when I get my two hundred pounds," said Alfred, with some hesitation.

"Well, my dear, Alfred," continued Edward, "I am glad you have made this confidence to me, for I myself had in view a marriage. But listen to me. Living narrowly as we do, our rent free, growing our own vegetables, keeping cows, pigs, and fowls; with thirty pound a year to buy clothes and luxuries, we are able just to live and no more. The moment we part the six hundred and odd pounds, take each our own share, and sell the house and ground, we shall have only a small capital with which to commence the battle of life alone, but not sufficient to support a wife, and by and by a family. We all hope to do better than we are doing now. If we were content to be farm-labourers, or shopmen, or artisans, I should then say, marry. We have a capital sufficient to purchase a cottage, buy furniture, and start fair. In that station wives would aid instead of hamper us. But we, who aspire above this, should before we take a girl from her home, have another home to give her. Now Alfred, for months I have made up my mind. England I love, but she is a country better suited to skilled artisans, labourers, who find ready employment with men of capital. In America we find a new country, where we can have land for little or nothing, where the field widens every day, where professions find new outlets every hour, and where a man may venture even without money, but where, with our resources, we should in the western settlements be rich. I have long reflected on this, and I had hoped that you would accompany me. I mean to go over, settle myself on some moderately peopled locality, cultivate a farm, and practise as an architect and surveyor. I calculate that at the end of two years, I should be suffi-

ciently settled to send for or fetch my wife and her mother. Now what say you, Al and Sophia dear, will you follow me?"

"That will I," exclaimed Sophia, heartily.

"Six months ago, I would gladly have said the same," replied Alfred, with a sigh he could not restrain. "I cannot leave England now. My plans, too, are all made. Now that you mean to leave the old house, I shall propose to you to let me have it; I will take a little more ground near it, and begin farming on a large scale. I shall buy a horse and cart, and employ a couple of labourers, then I and Alice need do no out-door work."

"Alice who—not Alice Hawthorn?" said Edward.

"Yes; what objection have you to her?" asked Alfred, somewhat angrily, though respect for his elder brother still was evident in the tone of his voice.

"None to her. But her father, you know, was a respectable tradesman, who, ruined by drink, took refuge from bankruptcy in a small beer-shop, where he lives in hopeless misery, drinking almost as much as he sells, his house the refuge of bad characters, and where it is said that he allows gambling at hours when other places are completely shut up. Such a connexion can scarcely do us credit."

"Edward!" exclaimed the other, passionately, "you are unjust. Hawthorn has his faults, but Alice is an angel, and no power on earth can induce me to give her up."

"I have neither the desire nor the power to prevent your marrying this girl," replied Edward, gently; "but listen to me. She may prove an excellent and good wife, if you will it. Should you be determined to pursue the path of patient industry, here or elsewhere, she would profit by your example. But why not come with me? You are both very young, and surely can wait two years. If she loves you, you will find her waiting your return with gladness, and proud to accompany you to a home where competence, even wealth if you will, may be yours."

"She would be married to young Fulton," exclaimed Alfred.

"Then she does not really love you," observed Edward.

"Yes, she does. But then two years of absence would give my rival opportunities which he would not miss. He was almost engaged to her, when I stepped in and won her affections. And you, are you certain that your young lady will wait for you two years?"

"Yes!" cried Edward, warmly; "you know Mrs. Enderby, the widowed sister of my employer. It is her daughter I seek to wed. We have been almost engaged nearly a year, and last night I was finally accepted. She will reside with her mother until I send for them, living on their small pittance and upon their joint labours. Though brought up to better things, they employ a certain number of hours a day in various profitable ways. Mrs. Enderby is clever at her needle, and Emily gives easy lessons on the piano to young girls. Sometimes she teaches mere children to read, to write, to use their needles, and thus they live comfortably. When I am ready, they will both come and join me, and Emily's four hundred pounds will be added to the common store."

"Oh, how happy we shall be!" cried Sophia, gladly; "if Alfred would only come with us, it would be delightful."

"I shall stick to old England. I shall make my fortune here. I have my plans too," exclaimed Alfred, somewhat sullenly, "and we shall see who will do best in the end."

"You must do as you will. We should have done better united, but I seek not to force you. Whenever you are ready, the two hundred pounds are at your command, and this house, as Sophia, brave girl, accompanies me."

"Thank you, Edward. Though too serious and starched by half, you are a kind brother. Let us be the same friends as before."

And Alfred hurried away. Edward remained with his sister to discuss with her at full length his plans of emigration. Having once made of his sister a confidant, the young man found ample subject of conversation relative to Emily, and it was resolved that she should come over on Sunday to the farm with her mother, to dinner and tea, that the family might make

better acquaintance. Edward regretted much that he had not been more open with his brother, who might, at an earlier period, have entered into these plans, but shook his head gravely when there was talk of his marriage. He would even have thought his immediate union with Alice more wise had he resolved to emigrate, but to this Alfred had said she had an insuperable objection. The brother and sister, therefore, put all thoughts of this aside, and began arranging their own plans. They were to start in two months, and had everything to prepare. They had saved a few pounds by extreme economy, and next day Edward ordered his money to be sold out, and found himself in the possession of seven hundred and thirty pounds. This he divided into three equal portions: one for Alfred, to be kept until the wedding-day, which was to take place in two months, the day previous to their departure; the second he re-invested for Sophia, wishing to reserve her share until he saw how affairs went; and of the third he put two hundred by, and spent the odd money in necessaries. He took only what could not be done without.

On Sunday, Mrs. Enderby and her daughter came, and found a hearty welcome. Sophia was a middle sized, round, rosy-cheek country girl, beaming with health, and quite ready for the rough contest she was about to enter on; Emily was slight and rather delicate, but still with a good constitution. She was rather serious in character, in a great measure because of her change of existence. Having been brought up in the lap of luxury, the falling to a position which needed her earning her living, could not but be felt by the most philosophical, and Emily had no pretensions to be a philosopher. She was grave, too, at the thought of parting with Edward, whose manly, courageous, and upright character had won her heart completely. But he spoke so cheerily and hopefully of the future, he described their new life in such glowing colours, he talked of two years as nothing, he laid down plans already for their journey, and seemed so ardent in his faith as to success, that none could resist his eloquence, and they spent a really happy day.

Time passed rapidly; the two months were soon flown: Edward and Sophia were ready. They took a gun, some cheap tools, his books, instruments, and drawings, as much of plain good clothes as possible, with all the linen they could afford; amongst the rest, a dozen shirts, made by Mrs. Enderby and her daughter, who had neglected music and drawing both to make this present to her future husband. On the wedding-day, Edward and Sophia were spoken of oddly, because of their plain appearance; but they looked handsomer in their plain, good things, than many of those present in their finery. But they tried to spend a happy day, and gave up formal possession of the farm to the new-married couple, to whom they wished all joy and prosperity. Alice was a showy, handsome girl, vain to the last degree, and, as is often the case, very ignorant, want of knowledge being precisely the chief ground-work of vanity.

And then they departed, this brother and sister, grave, tearful, but full of hope and courage. Their future home was to be Wisconsin—a state of great promise, with a temperate climate, and every qualification which the emigrant can require. A secret feeling of liking for the extreme personal liberty enjoyed in America, with a passion for hunting, to which when not useful he had never given way, had carried Edward in this direction. They sailed from Plymouth to Quebec, and thence by the lakes to the state of Wisconsin, without losing an hour in the towns. Arrived in the promised land, Edward left Sophia at an hotel of modest appearance and price, and hiring a horse, rode forth to reconnoitre. The landlord, learning his object, had directed him to follow the banks of the Wisconsin river, where were several “de-sirable lo-cations, first chop, and no mistake.”

Edward followed the landlord's quaint directions, and found himself journeying through a well-wooded fertile country, part quite wild, with here and there a log-house, sometimes a farm, and in one or two instances several together—nascent villages. Toward night, after visiting several “water lots,” that is, locations on the banks of the river, he found himself near a solitary house of rude but comfortable appearance. It

was a log-hut, built with a view both to symmetry and comfort. There was evidently two rooms in front, one on each side of a portico overrun by flowers. Behind was an inclosed space, devoted to the purpose of a farm-yard, with a boat close up to the shore. About three acres of potatoes, Indian corn, and other vegetables, were under cultivation, and the whole presenting the appearance of being the property of industrious people.

Edward rode up to the door, determined to take a lesson, if possible, from the owner. The barking of a huge dog soon brought out a tall American, whose dress proclaimed at once the indefatigable hunter.

“Well, *straynger*,” said he, in a tone of voice which though rough was good-humoured.

“I am an Englishman,” replied Edward politely, “in search of a location. Having ridden further than I expected, I have ventured to ask your hospitality.”

“Unperch thyself from thy beast, friend Britisher, shove the horse in the stable, where thee'll find corn stalks and a considerable few beans, and bring thyself to an anchor inside. Job Potts is about to comfort the inner man, and don't be long, considering he's waiting.”

Edward followed the other's extraordinary directions, and soon found himself before a steaming mess of potatoes, pork, corn cakes, and coffee, which was truly pleasant after his long journey. For some time both ate and drank in silence; then Job Potts brought out some Monongahela whiskey, offered Edward a pipe, which he declined, and prepared evidently for a big talk.

“Now, straynger, let's hear yer intentions, and mind you speak up considerable plain, as Job Potts is your man. He aint one of your high flyers, but a up and down sort of chap, as a'll put you up to more in half an hour nor a member of *Congrease* in a week.”

Edward smiled at his host's way of talking, and then briefly put him in possession of the facts of his case; told him his hopes and wishes, and his means.

“Now my! That you should come into these parts: jist now! This here's my reply. The country's too thickly peopled for me. I got neighbours close upon five miles off. When I come here fust, there wamt a loafer within fifty miles. So I'm off *tu* Texas. There's plenty o' room and to spare there. Besides its great hunting out in them diggens. And then there's war, and Job Potts aint fut the Mexicans yet, but he means to. So here's an offer. Give me five hundred dollars for the house, improvements, cattle, fowls, geese, ducks, furniture, and all the traps, my gun not being counted, and *tu* morrow we'll go down to Burenville and transfer the location. If it answers its wuth five thousand, and if ever I comes to ax it, you must give me another five hundred in ten years. What say you, friend?”

“That I accept with all my heart, if half an hour's inspection in the morning pleases me as well as it did this evening.”

“That affair is settled then. I know you'll like it, so I shall pack up, and start for Texas *tu* morrow. I only wanted to find a stranger who would buy. I've found one, and Job Potts is G. T. T.”

“What does that mean?” asked Edward, laughing.

“Why, when a man can't pay his debts, he sticks that on his door and elopes. It says, ‘Gone *Tu* Texas.’ Thank God, Job Potts aint in debt, but he's too confined in these diggens.”

Next day Edward went over the ground. He found one hundred acres, of which five were under cultivation. The house was substantial, the farm-yard well supplied, the river handy to go down to the neighbouring villages, or even to New Orleans if necessary, and Job Potts was about to start on that stupendous journey in a skiff. In fact, it was quite clear that the enterprising American sold his property for one fifth of its real value; but then, he was one of those reckless spirits that can never fix in one place, and to him to get rid of his property, at however great a loss, was delightful. His title-deeds were good, the transfer was effected, and that same night the brother and sister slept in their new home. They had with them an Irishman, his wife, and two children, emi-

grants of the poorest class, whom the young man engaged for three years to work on the farm.

Edward devoted himself for some time exclusively to his new property, improved the house, enlarged the fields, laid out plans for corn fields, meadows, and other necessary works, and thus a year sped rapidly. That time sufficed to prove to Edward that he need have no doubt about the future; and then after writing to Mrs. Enderby and Emily to come out as soon as they pleased, he added to his resources by hiring a boy, and then procured some sheep. During the twelve months, nearly a dozen houses arose in the immediate neighbourhood, and the country became peopled with that wondrous rapidity which is the great characteristic of America. It was soon found that more than a hundred families were congregated within a distance of ten miles, taking Edward's house as the centre. A meeting was accordingly held, and it was after some discussion determined that a church, chapel, and school-room should be built about half a mile from Edward's residence, he being the person charged with the management of the affair, the drawings which ornamented his house having betrayed his profession. The young man was quite elated, and set to work with enthusiasm. After a month's study and labour he had completed his plans, his duties demanding much of his time, and they were submitted to a committee. Unanimously they were approved, and Mr. Sargent was elected architect and surveyor for the district of White County. From this hour his prosperity was ensured. He found soon enough employment out of doors, to need further assistance on his farm; he had rich settlers' houses to erect, ground to survey, and soon rumour spoke of his laying out a town, one of the first inhabitants of which was to be a young doctor, who towards the end of the second year proposed for Sophia, and was accepted with the hearty consent of her brother. It was agreed that the marriage should take place the same day as that of Edward and Emily. In the meantime the doctor, who was already pretty well off, had a house built at a point where the future town was to be, the land being his own, and laid out in tempting lots for all who chose to settle in Grahamsville.

While Edward was thus rapidly advancing toward a bright and happy future, events went on in the old country. Alfred had taken possession of the farm-house, hired additional land, bought a horse and cart, and employed two labourers. His efforts were at first praiseworthy in the extreme, and there was no reason why, with industry and patience, he should not have succeeded as well as Edward, even under the disadvantage which a poor man finds in England, as compared with a new, fertile, rising, untaxed land. At the end of the year he found himself a father, the greater part of his money spent, and his farm not over-productive. He read with secret envy his brother's letters, and sighed as he reflected how he had hopelessly thrown away the chance of such rapid success as he clearly saw would be his brother's. His capital was spent, and he had a wife and child. A journey to America was, therefore, now impossible. But the worst part of his position was the state of his home. A petted girl, used in her father's house to do nothing, to be waited on all day, to dress smartly, no matter if she went in debt or not, young and very frivolous—Alice was, at the end of the first year, a querulous, ill-tempered woman, complaining of having anything to do, grumbling because Alfred expected her to dress like a farmer's wife, and do what Sophia had always done, attend to the meals, while he was out of doors with his labourers. Alice did it, for she had no choice—she knew he could not afford otherwise—but never without fault-finding. But it was much worse when she had a baby. Very heartless at bottom, she had little of a mother's feelings, and this addition to the family, of which Alfred was very fond, really loving his child, made her only dissatisfied and unhappy, because of the additional work. Alfred was naturally angry at her constant regrets,—her hourly declaration that she wished she had never seen him, and so on—and soon took refuge from scenes of discomfort and annoyance at home in visits to her father's beer-shop.

At the end of the second year Alfred sold his horse and cart to pay his rent. Up to this time he had written to Edward, but Emily and her mother departing for America at this period, they took out the last letter which Edward received from him for years. Emily and Mrs. Enderby were met at Quebec by Edward, whom they found much changed in look, but the same in heart. He was ruddier, had rougher hands, and was more manly-looking than when he left, but it was pleasant to see on that healthy face the same frank, honest smile, which Emily so well remembered. He hurried them on, however, and never gave them any rest until they came to Madison. There they found at an inn a handsome covered cart, between a van and a carriage, which he announced as having just purchased with a pair of horses to make his professional visits in, and take about his workmen, as well as fetch necessaries from the town. As they drove along, the new arrivals were delighted with the picturesque and fertile country they passed through—but more surprises awaited them.

A happy dinner was that, abundant in materials as usual in America, but rich in joyous smiles and happy intercourse. When it was over, though nearly night, Emily would go out to see her future domains, to be initiated into the secrets of the farm-yard, where fowls, ducks, and poultry of all kinds revelled in abundance. She admired even the pigs, kept at a distance from the house, and the beautiful drove of sheep just entering its pen. She saw with pleasure, too, a neat little boat for water excursions, fishing, and wild-fowl shooting, and felt that under such circumstances she must be happy with such a husband as Edward was sure to prove.

And he did so. To record events during ten years would be useless. At the end of that time, at thirty-three years of age, he was the richest proprietor in the neighbourhood; owned twenty houses in the now flourishing town, had bought over a thousand acres of land, built a mill on the river, where he ground all his own corn, and most of that of the neighbours. He now exported flour by the thousand barrels to England, had his correspondent in an American port, and in Liverpool, and drew heavy drafts on English bankers. At this time he was elected a member of the local legislature. In fact, fortune had favoured him as, perhaps, she favours few, though all may, with his qualities, attain a part of such success. He had five children, Sophia four. She was very happy. Both were happy.

But to return. It was in the year 1850 that they heard of Alfred. He then wrote a sad and fearful letter. He had sold the farm-house from sheer necessity, lost all his furniture by a seizure for rent, and, at the death of old Hawthorn, had taken his beer-shop, where he now was, ill, almost dying, in the last stage of misery, with a wife and five children, two having died.

Two months after Edward received this letter, he was by Alfred's side. Very little was said,—both were too much moved,—but a week later they were all on board a packet, sailing for New York. The husband was better, the wife, decently clad, well fed, hopeful, was surrounded by five children, to whose cheeks healthy hues were returning. The sea voyage did them all good. Edward did nothing by halves. He put his brother into a handsome house, gave him a hundred acres, tools, stock, everything he required. Deep gratitude to him who had shown such earnest fraternal affection, and unto Providence, worked upon Alfred with power and force. He set to work almost sternly, as did his wife. Still they are glad at heart, and thank God every day that such a brother was found to snatch them from the last stage of misery. Alfred bids fair to rival his elder brother in energy, and one day in prosperity. But he never omits to narrate his fortunes to his children, and to show them how one step to the right or left, one wise or one false start, may influence a man's future fate. Without Edward, he would probably have died in a workhouse, while he probably would have succeeded in life under any circumstances with his character. He still believes in the wisdom of youthful marriages, but ever advises his children to be sure of what they are about, and not to marry without a home and a sure living. But Providence is good, and the pride of the whole of White County, Wisconsin, are the Two BROTHERS!